A short ficlet wherein Castiel freaks Dean out.

https://zekkass.livejournal.com/343308.html

Dean rolls out of bed late one night and stares at the window, confused. There are lights on. There are never lights on this late.

He sits up and stares at the source of the light, which is coming from the bathroom. But when he looks at the other bed, Sam is there.

So he grabs his gun and yanks open the door, ready to shoot whatever's in there. Ready to protect his motel room and sleeping brother from monsters in the bathroom.

But the door swings open and Cas stares at him, open packet of reeses in his hand, and Dean? Dean is going to kill him in the morning.

"Thought you were a monster." Dean says, lamely and goes back to bed. If Cas apologizes, he doesn't hear it.